

THE AUTOCRAT AT EIGHTY-SIX.

Dr. Holmes is Still in Good Health and May Be a Centenarian.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, has lived to see himself the hero of his quaint poem "The Last Leaf," for

The money makes rest
On the life that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

Hawthorne, Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Tennyson—all his world-famous contemporaries—are dust, but he lives on, the "The Last Leaf" on the great tree of literature that grew to giant proportions during the past half century. The genial autocrat, who is in some respects the greatest humorist the world



DR. HOLMES.

ever produced, is in excellent health for one of his advanced age and is still active in mind as well as body. His friends believe he will live to be a centenarian, and, as he is in good health now as he was 10 years ago, the belief may not prove unfounded.

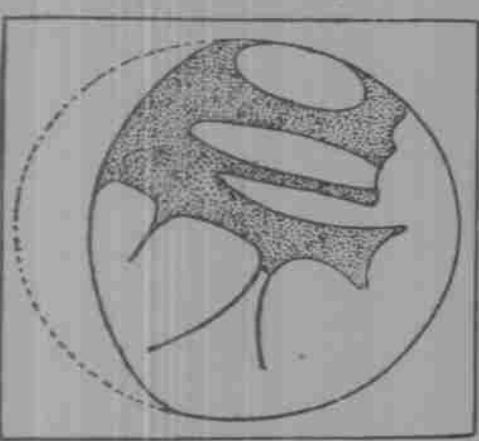
The doctor is living at his beautiful country home at Beverly Farms and is still as great a lover of life as he was when his "Autocrat" and "Professor" were causing the smiles of the whole world. In 1880, on the twentieth birthday of Julia Ward Howe, Dr. Holmes said that to be 70 years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be 40 years old. He was then over 80 years young, and although he is now 16 years past the allotted three-score and ten he preserves the same cheerful, life-prolonging philosophy. He takes a long walk each day when the weather is fair, and when it rains he ventures forth in a carriage. He believes his practice of spending as much time as possible in the open air has greatly prolonged his life and made comfortable his old age. He is a great admirer of some of the new writers and hails James Whitcomb Riley as a new Hosea Biglow, "quite as original as the latter and more versatile in many respects." The autocrat has ceased daring to write as funny as he can since he tried those famous lines on his servant, with disastrous effect, and now he is devoting all his energies to trying to live as long as he can.

IS MARS SIGNALING US?

That Is What Lowell Observatory Astronomers Are Trying to Find Out.

Mars and the earth are coming closer and closer together at this time, and if people on the war planet are signaling to us the astronomers of Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, A. T., may soon be aware of the fact. The observatory is 7,200 feet above the level of the sea and higher than any other large observatory in the world. It is in a dry belt of country, and as there are very few warm and cold currents in the atmosphere—the bugbears of the astronomer because they are fatal to accurate vision—the site is well adapted for accurate observations.

The observatory has only been in operation since May and was built for the particular work of viewing Mars when the planet gets in opposition to the earth. The full face of the planet will be illuminated about Oct. 20, and the red twinkler will then be only about 35,000,000 miles away. During the weeks when Mars is nearly in opposition he will be closely examined by the 18 inch, 12 inch and 4 inch telescopes of Lowell observatory. Mars is about one-sixth the size of the earth, and being farther distant from the sun is also much colder. The canals of Mars have already been carefully scrutinized



A RECENT VIEW OF MARS.

by Observer Percival Lowell, who has also had the good fortune to see the Martian polar snows melt and flow northward, giving rise to the theory that they flood the planet's south temperate zone. At the polar cap several mountain peaks have been discerned.

The canals discovered by the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli are among the most interesting features of Mars. Their regularity is so pronounced that many students of the planet believe that they are the great waterways of the planet's people. They intersect at points, like the railroads of the earth, and it is believed that they may be used for transportation and irrigation. As Mars is older and more parched than the earth, the people, if people there be, would need all the irrigation they could get in order to sustain such life as exists on the earth. Observer Lowell has counted 12 of these canals and expects to make more interesting discoveries when the planet approaches nearer to the earth. During the Martian winter the canals are not conspicuous, but as summer approaches they swell in size as if filled by the melting snows of the polar regions.

The manuscript complete of the first Bible—Old Testament—was finished in the year 450 B. C. It was first translated into Latin in 887 A. D. and into English in 1534.

NEWS OF KANSAS.

A Peculiar Breach of Promise Suit Filed at Emporia.

The Woman Sues the Estate of the Man Who Suicided.

OTHER STATE NEWS.

A Prominent Stockman Near Florence Killed by Lightning.

EMPORIA, Sept. 3.—A peculiar case and one which will excite great attention has been filed in the district court.

On the 8th day of August, John H. Wilson, living near Olpe, secured a license to marry Sarah E. Miles. That night he committed suicide. He had been married several times and was 55 years of age.

B. W. Jaquith is attorney for Sarah E. Miles and in the petition he sets forth that John H. Wilson agreed and contracted to marry Sarah. That in order to induce her to consent, he represented himself as well provided with worldly goods and agreed to make a marriage settlement of 100 acres of land, a valuable farm in Elmendorf township. That in order to deceive plaintiff and defraud her of the property she said John H. Wilson committed suicide.

The plaintiff therefore asks judgment against the estate of John H. Wilson for \$5,000 damages and also the land. The suit is brought against C. M. Yager, administrator of the estate, and also the heirs at law of John H. Wilson.

INGALLS SHAKEN UP.

Train Stops Suddenly and One Man Has His Arm Broken.

ATCHISON, Sept. 3.—When the mixed Santa Fe train from Topeka came into the union depot Saturday morning it stopped so suddenly that the momentum threw the passengers out of their seats and shook them up in a fearful manner. J. W. Richardson, a traveling man and resident of Atchison, who had picked up his grip and started to go down the aisle of the car, was lifted from his feet and thrown to the floor of the car with such violence as to break his left arm near the wrist and otherwise injure him. Senator Ingalls came near being pitched headlong into a seat, and all the passengers were fearfully shocked.

THE GOVERNOR'S TROOP.

A Troop of Cavalry Mustered in at Lawrence of the K. N. G.

LAWRENCE, Sept. 3.—A troop of cavalry has been mustered in as a company of the First Brigade, Kansas National Guard. There were about twenty-five members at the start and they signed the membership roll.

The troop was mustered in by Brigadier General Sears and is Troop A, and is to be known as the Governor's Troop.

The following officers were elected: Captain, Herbert H. Johnson; First Lieutenant, Charles H. Oakes; Second Lieutenant, Fred Clarke.

PULLED TWO FINGERS OFF.

A Ft. Scott Boy is the Victim of a Peculiar Accident.

FT. SCOTT, Sept. 3.—A peculiar accident resulting in a little twelve-year-old boy named Craighead losing two fingers occurred at the sugar works yesterday morning. The cane is unloaded by means of a team hitched to a rope and the entire load is pulled off at once. The boy was engaged in fastening the rope around the land when the team started, catching the two middle fingers of his right hand and pulling them off at the first joint.

HELD FOR MURDER.

Father and Son Bound Over for Killing Son and Brother.

MEADSBURG, Sept. 3.—The preliminary examination of T. L. Sparks, father, and Clay Sparks, son, for the killing of Emmett Sparks, son and brother of the defendants, closed after a week's investigation before Justice Home. The defendant, Clay Sparks, was committed without bail, and T. L. required to give bond in the sum of \$5,000 for his appearance at court. The evidence against the defendants was very strong and appeared to be conclusive as against Clay.

SCALDED TO DEATH.

A Leavenworth Fireman Killed by Steam From a Burst Pipe.

LEAVENWORTH, Sept. 3.—Saturday afternoon a steam pipe connecting boilers in the Leavenworth electric light plant burst, killing James Porter, a fireman. He was working close to the pipe when it exploded, which knocked him down and steam poured over him for fully fifteen minutes. Porter was literally boiled alive and died soon after the accident. He leaves a wife and six children.

Narrowly Escaped Death.

FT. SCOTT, Sept. 3.—The whole front facing of the fire wall of the old one-story building on Wall street, Nos. 206 and 208, fell outward with a terrific crash Saturday evening startling every one within three blocks. Judge J. D. Hill and Officer Coe had met in front of the building but a moment before. If the immense weight of the wall had struck the men it would have crushed them beneath it like paper.

Testing a New Bullet.

LEAVENWORTH, Sept. 3.—Dr. J. D. Griffith of Kansas City is at Fort Leavenworth for the purpose of testing a steel rifle ball invented by him. Dr. Griffith says his bullet will surpass in execution anything of the kind ever used heretofore. No tests to be made at a shorter range than a mile and there are to be tests at a mile and a half.

Killed by Lightning.

FLORENCE, Sept. 3.—David Sauble, living eight miles southeast of this place was killed by lightning in Barber county last night, where he had gone to look after his business.

He was a prominent cattle man, and had been in the county over thirty years. The funeral will be held tomorrow at Cedar Point.

Wanted for Murther. EMPORIA, Sept. 3.—Sheriff O'Connor and McGinley have arrested Richard Powers, a Santa Fe switchman who has been here since the strike, at his home at 122 Merchant street. Powers is

wanted at Decatur, Ill., for obtaining money under false pretenses and mayhem and is also wanted at Horton, Kan., for burglary and grand larceny.

Farmer Killed in a Runaway.

WAMEGO, Sept. 3.—Saturday night about sundown as George Rint, an old German farmer on Rock creek, about eight miles northwest of here, was returning home from town, his team ran away and threw him out and killed him. It is supposed that death was instantaneous, as his skull was fractured.

Old Settler Commits Suicide.

GANNETT, Sept. 3.—Geo. M. Everline, one of the first settlers of this city, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. He has held many county and municipal offices, was a member of the Eleventh Kansas cavalry during the war and was a prominent Free Mason.

Maliciously Mutilated Horses.

GIRARD, Sept. 3.—Thursday afternoon while Jacob Budd and family were at the fair some unknown person or persons entered a lot on his farm northwest of the city and with a knife cut a gash across the knees of both the front legs of four horses.

Old Settler of Douglas County Dead.

LAWRENCE, Sept. 3.—John C. Jones, one of the oldest residents of Douglas county, died yesterday at his home in Pleasant Valley, five miles west of the city, of Bright's disease. Mr. Clark was born in New York in 1832, and came to Kansas in 1861.

Lyons For Representative.

EMPORIA, Sept. 3.—At the Populist convention held here Saturday afternoon J. W. Lyons was nominated for representative.

MISSOURI CROPS.

Report of the State Board of Agriculture for the Month of August.

COLUMBIA, Mo., Sept. 3.—The following is a synopsis of the report of the secretary of the state board of agriculture for last month concerning the crop conditions in Missouri: Corn since August reports has declined from 88 to 60 per cent of an average crop, this result being obtained by a reduction of 21 points in Northeast section, 27 in Northwest, 42 in Central, 25 in Southeast and 16 in Southwest. The crop was probably never more spotted than now, many neighborhoods having fields that will not yield one bushel of corn nor 200 hundred pounds of cured fodder to the acre, while fields almost adjacent will yield from thirty to fifty bushels, and an abundance of forage.

Cotton continues to be estimated at 86 per cent of an average crop, but it has lost 5 points in the Southeast section and gained 8 points in the Southwest.

Tobacco in August report was estimated at 82 per cent, now placed at 67 per cent, having lost 26 points in Northeast, 40 in Northwest, 2 in Central, 3 in Southeast and 4 in Southwest.

Apples have declined 7 points, having suffered all over the state except in the Southeast, where there is a slight improvement. Hot winds, parching suns, and a want of humidity have occasioned the decline. The Northwest and Northeast sections still report the better prospect for a field of apples.

Live stock.—Horses show an average condition as to health and flesh of 91 per cent, cattle 90 and sheep 94. Cattle, estimated number that will be born fed compared with last year, 62 per cent. Hogs estimated at 79 per cent of the crop of 1893.

REMINISCENCES.

It never pays to send the children into the street to get quiet in the parlor.

The Greek church employs two rings, one of gold the other of silver, in the marriage ceremony.

"My darling," whispered the Chicago man. "My life," she murmured. "You are the only wife I ever loved."

Of late years Madame Albani, the great contralto, who died in Paris recently, had become so fat that she could not walk without the assistance of two sticks.

Mrs. Hicks—Are you sure that you married me for myself alone? Hicks—Of course. Having your mother to live with us was not strictly an idea of mine.

Bride—George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid giving the impression that we are newly married. George—All right, Maude; you can carry this bag.

A Canadian bride recently went to the altar with a pet canary tethered to her neck by a gold chain. The bird perched on her shoulder, and during the ceremony burst into a glad song.

A girl baby born to the wife of Juda Grossman, of New York city, lately, has two extra fingers and one additional toe. On each hand there is a second little finger, and on the left foot there are six toes.

In Italian families children's nurses are considered the most important members of the household. They are well paid, petted, finely clothed, and all the other servants are expected to wait upon them.

A French lady of very elegant figure was recently asked why she always had such enormously stout servants. Her answer was characteristic: "To prevent their wearing my clothes when I am away from home."

A sentimental French jury acquitted a former named Closerie at Cherbourg, recently, because he said he wanted the money to send his intended bride to Paris to undergo a surgical operation on which her life depended.

Business Suits That will surprise you for \$25.00 made to order at Olof Ekberg's, merchant tailor, 716 Kansas avenue.

Small in size, great in results: De Witt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for Constipation, best for Sick Headache, best for Sour Stomach. J. E. Jones.

A Nobby Suit Made to your order at Olof Ekberg's 716 Kansas ave.

119 and 114 West 8th, Peerless Steam Laundry.

Webb & Harris, druggists, Bennett's Flats.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

CHRIST IS THE RESCUER OF ALL MANKIND.

Dr. Talmage Sends a Sermon from the Islands of the South Pacific Ocean—Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be Saved.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent in the South Pacific, has selected as the subject of to-day's sermon through the press, "The Rescue," the text chosen being Acts 16:31 "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard, "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They can not sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they can not sleep. But they can sing. Jailers, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallooing, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself and Cato killed himself and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out, "Stop! stop! no harm. We are all here."

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer, "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hoppers on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caracas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade and he says to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate, and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. [Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I can not trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I will

be cheated if I confide in them. You can not put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and I am unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected.

No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you can not expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is.

When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear, than the little ones jumped from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love him. How attractive his manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Do not bring before me these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosy!" No; no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Caesars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which all ages of the earth, and through all ages of the heavens, and through all ages of hell, he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home?" If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and a hole is dug on the top of Calvary.

It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard.

Oh, plant the tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the Omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no, he was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say, "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust him?

I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust him if you will only tell me how; and the great question asked by many is, 'How?' Now, when I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help! How are you to trust in Christ?"

Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or again, you go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord



A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than two hours after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost purified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work for the first time in years. I am now taking this valuable remedy."—Mrs. Morgan, 315 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, a discovery of an eminent specialist in heart disease, is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for express prepaid. It is positively free from all opiates or dangerous drugs.

For Sale by All Druggists.

Jesus Christ. He says, "You believe: I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What?" say you, "before I pray any more? before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! No hope. We are lost! We are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain, who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump, and are saved. He stands there, and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations; with great grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is a saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages." And built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on, and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you.

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

You should Take your Prescription to Topeka Drug Co., under Opera House.